herself great airs and graces, and outside it hobnobbed with duchesses and princesses.

This fondness for aristocratic society gave additional point to the story that one day a blear-eyed old cabman in capes and muffler descended from the box of a disreputable-looking growler, and inquired at the stage-door for Leonora Pincott.

" Any lady 'ere of that name ? "

" Well, I think she's married, and changed her name, but she's 'ere right enough. Tell 'er I won't keep 'er a minute. Pm Jer- -old father ! "

In " Still Waters Run Deep " I was rather good as Mrs. Mildmay, and the rest of the cast were admirable. Mrs. Wigan was, of course, Mrs. Sternhold, Wyndharn, who was afterwards to be such a splendid Mildmay, played Hawksley, and Alfred Wigan was Mildmay, as he had been in the original production. When the play is revived now, much of it seems very old-fashioned, but the office scene strikes one as freshly and strongly as when it was first acted. I don't think that any drama which is vital and *essential* can ever be old-fashioned*

MY FIRST/IMPRESSIONS OF HENRY IRVING

One very foggy night 'jrj December 1867—it was Boxing Day, I think—I agted'for the first time with Henry Irving. This ought to-have been a great event in rny life, but at the time it passed me by and left " no wrack behind/' Ever anxious to improve on the truth, which is often devoid of all sensationalism, people have told a story of Henry Irving promising that if he ever were in a

position to offer me an engagement I should be his leading lady. But this fairy story has been improved on since. The newest tale of my